

*"Withered roses are not
dead"*

I'm sitting here for quite some time.

The opposite chair is still empty.

Should I wait longer?

Maybe she had an accident. The table I reserved is the best here. In the corner right in front of the window. I observe how the people run through the rain in the dark night.

A couple takes a seat at the table to my opposite side. Again my gaze falls onto the empty chair. And thus my disappointment. I look through the room, noticing the small decoration on the tables. Every single flower shines in the dim candle light. *But mine..* the rose is withered as if someone forgot to water it.

But I know it also shone like the others as I came into the restaurant.

The chair is still empty.

Time runs fast...

Although it feels like infinity!

I don't know what I should do?

Why does this happen to me?

What have I done wrong?...

This time I thought it was real.

But one will always be disappointed. I have to deflect myself. I can't sit here anymore. I feel like I'm drowning, suffocating in this big room. But my heart doesn't want to give up. There is still a little piece of desperate hope.

I get up and take my jacket. It seems like everyone in this room stares at me as I cross the room. It's like I'm the person out of a television show, who will be pranked, but in one kind of view they look as if everybody is judging me. I follow the stairs down to the toilets, like the small sign at the wall says to me. I take a glance at myself in the mirror of the bathroom. After a while of puzzling why she isn't there yet and straightening my hair and my tie, I take a deep breath and collect my last pieces of courage to go back.

A man comes into the men's bathroom. He looks straight at my face, again with a derogative look in his eyes. Trying to avoid eye contact, I look to the ground.

Why does it feel like the whole world is against me?

Then I open the door, looking at the table I sat at for an eternity.

Feeling my eyes widen and my heart beating faster, I stare at the person I longed to see the whole evening. Right at our table.

Her face seems disappointed...
She turns around. She wants to go.

*She **can't** go!*

*I have to do something?!
What should I say?
Faster... She is on the way to go.*

*She **can't** go!*

While my thoughts were spinning in my head, my legs walked straight towards her.

And her eyes widen as she sees me.
The way she looks at me...
My heart is going to explode. The tons of frustration which have weighed on my shoulders vanish into air.
Something bright red catches my eyes.
I could have sworn that the rose was *withered ...*

-Felix Buck